

only us by darkbramble

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Character Study, Dustin is a hopeless gay, First Kiss, Fluff, In Lucas' part, Internalized Homophobia, Jonathan's a supportive bro, Like let her kiss El and bang she's gone, M/M, Max is a useless lesbiann, POV Third Person, Some angst, Spin the Bottle, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, like hardly any, like he is so in love with Lucas it isn't even funny, they're sixteen

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

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Summary:

Will loves Mike. He plans on keeping it deep down until he dies.
Easier said than done.

only us

Author's Note:

I'm a fucking sucker for kissing games. Give me a Javid seven minutes in heaven AU, a galaxy gals truth or dare AU where they end of kissing like, yes, please. Expect more of this shit

Three years had gone by since everything with the Upside Down. Three years that passed by with no supernatural events. Will thanked whoever was up there every day for that. The Upside Down still haunted him but it was getting better. The gang really helped.

Everyone besides Mike. He tried to help and he used to help he really did but then things got complicated. In Will's mind, it was really all his fault. He was the one who went and got a crush on Mike. Lucky for him El and Mike had broken up over two years ago.

Will had told Jonathan about the crush and he was lucky to have a supporting older brother. After he told him they had gotten closer than they had ever been before. Will could gush about Mike and Jonathan could tell his younger brother about this one person who was in the dorm next to him. It was nice

It was around midnight on a cold December night. The first day of Christmas break. The gang was sitting in the Wheeler's basement. Dustin, Lucas, and Max were playing one of Nancy's old board games. El was teaching Mike to braid hair. Will was sitting on the couch just watching Mike.

Mike was trying to braid El's hair for the second time tonight. He was determined to learn how to do a double braid. His delicate hands played with El's hair. Will couldn't help but imagine Mike playing with his hair.

Dustin got up from his game and went over to Mike. He plopped down on the couch next to him. "Do you have anything to drink?" he asked, putting an arm around Mike's shoulder.

"We have some Pepsi in the fridge." Mike nodded toward the fridge on the other side of the basement. Dustin patted his shoulder and went over to the fridge.

Dustin opened the fridge. "You only have glass bottles."

"Yeah."

"Do you have a bottle opener?"

"Yeah, upstairs. Just ask Max to open it." Max beamed. She was the only one in the group how could open those bottles without a bottle opener or taking like 10 minutes. Dustin sighed. He walked over to Max and gave her the bottle. She opened it and took a sip. He hit her arm and snatched the bottle away before she could drink more.

Will looked back at Mike and noticed he wasn't pulling El's hair tight enough. He remembered that he had the same problem when his mom let him braid her hair. He scooted a little closer to Mike.

"You need to pull her hair tighter," Will whispered. "Like this." He put his hands on Mike's and gently pulled El's hair. That may or may not have been a ploy to touch Mike's hands.

"Thanks." Mike smiled and continued on with braiding El's hair. Will's heart skipped a beat. He felt his cheeks go red. Mike's smile would kill him one day and Will didn't really mind that.

Will pulled his knees to his chest and started tapping his foot to the beat of 'Should I stay or Should I Go'. Mike tapped his knee and Will looked over.

El's hair was braided. There were quite a few loose strands but nonetheless, it looked good. Will gave Mike two thumbs up. Mike smiled and laid his head on Will's shoulder.

Will felt his heart skip a beat again. Damn Mike with his curly brown hair and his beautiful brown eyes and the way he was just so comfortable with touching it made Will melt.

Out of the corner of Will's eye, he saw Max stand up. She was holding Dustin's empty bottle of Pepsi. "Okay gang I'm bored, so, who wants to play spin the bottle," she said. Nobody said anything.

“Come on guys please.”

Lucas sighed and nodded his head. Dustin followed and soon everyone was sitting in a circle with the Pepsi bottle in the center.

“So who wants to go first?” Max asked, looking around at each and every one of her friend’s faces.

“Shouldn’t you go first since you suggested the game?” Mike asked.

“Looks like we have our volunteer.” Max pushed the bottle towards Mike. “Spin it, Wheeler.”

Mike rolled his eyes and reluctantly grabbed the bottle. He gave it a good spin and just as it started to slow down, Lucas stopped the bottle on El. He gave an evil smirk and watched as Mike sighed in displeasure.

“Come on dude we broke up.” Mike glared at Lucas.

“The bottle landed on El. Do it.” Lucas let go of the bottle.

Mike hesitantly turned towards El and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. “You’re not going to get out of that so easily Mike,” Max said.

“What do you mean?” Mike asked.

“New rule.” Max turned to face everyone. “It has to be a kiss on the lips.” She looked back at Mike and El.

Mike leaned and his lips barely brushed El’s before he jumped back. Will felt a pang of jealousy. He honestly shouldn’t though. Their lips just brushed for god’s sake. He felt like he was 13 again. Seeing Mike and El kiss and getting that feeling that he should be the one kissing Mike not his sister. Though when he was younger he didn’t know that that was jealousy.

“El, your turn,” Max said. El grabbed the bottle and spun it. It landed on Dustin. She crawled over and gave him a quick peck. He covered his cheeks with his hands. El hugged him quick and sat back down.

Lucas grabbed the bottle once El was out of the way. The second it

started spinning Mike stopped it and pointed it towards Max. "Guess you have to kiss your ex." Revenge is a dish best served cold.

Lucas flipped Mike off and kissed Max. It had a little more ump than Mike and El's kiss and El and Dustin's kiss. A little too much lingering on each other.

Once Lucas finally let go, Max grabbed the bottle. She could have broken the bottle by the way she spun it. Or send it to Mars. Either or. It slowed to a halt and landed on El. Will's heart rate sped up a little.

Max bit her lip and looked El up and down. "Looks like it's you and me," she muttered.

No one made any sound as Max leaned into El. It started out as just a kiss and then it started to get more intense. Will could tell that Max had sort of wanted to do that. He knew because he would so kiss Mike like that if he had the chance.

Lucas had to practically rip the girls away from each other. El's braid was a mess and her lips were all puffed up. Max had a confident smirk laid across her face and a glaze over her eyes.

"Is it my turn or?" Dustin asked. Max nodded. He gulped and grabbed the bottle. Will tried to give his friend a reassuring look but he was nervous as hell so it probably came off as sarcastic.

Dustin gave the bottle a weak spin and he squeezed his eyes shut. He opened them slowly to see who he got.

Dustin let out a squeak when he saw that the bottle was pointed at Lucas. He started mumbling apologies and reached out for the bottle.

"Hey, hey hey." Max grabbed Dustin's hand. "You guys made me and El kiss so you guys have to kiss."

"But we aren't homos," Lucas said. That word stung Will a little.

"It doesn't matter if you're gay or straight or whatever else you have to do it." Max patted Lucas on the shoulder and then winked at El.

Dustin took a deep breath and leaned in. Lucas met him in the middle for a short yet sweet kiss. When Lucas pulled back Dustin was a fumbling mess, his face was a shade of bright red and his mouth was slightly parted like he was about to say something.

By now, Will could hardly breathe. What if it landed on Mike? What if it landed on one of the girls? How would he deal with that? His hand felt numb when he reached out for the bottle. He gave it a spin and counted the seconds until it landed on the person.

Will didn't even realize that the bottle had stopped. It was only brought to his attention when he heard El laugh. He looked at the glass Pepsi bottle and saw the neck pointed straight at him. He let out a sigh of relief and kissed his own hand.

"That isn't fair! You have to spin again Will," Max said. Will was still on the wave of relief that came from not kissing Mike so he just immediately spun the bottle. It slowed and landed on Max.

Max crawled over to Will and gave him the shortest kiss he's ever gotten. "Thank you, ma'am," he said in his best attempt to sound chivalrous.

"No problem sir." Max sat back down next to Lucas and Dustin.

Mike was up next. Will held his breath as he watched the bottle spin around. It stopped at Dustin. They quickly kissed and Will felt that pang of jealousy again.

El grabbed the bottle and spun it with both hands. It quickly slowed down and landed on Will. She laughed and looked over at her brother. "We're siblings we can't do that." Max agreed and let her spin again. This time it landed on Lucas. She gave him a kiss and Will could clearly tell that she missed his mouth.

Lucas spun the bottle and it landed on Will again. He quickly leaned in and kissed the side of Will's mouth. He didn't really expect the first time he kissed a boy it would be Lucas of all people. Hell, he didn't even think he would kiss a boy.

Max grabbed the bottle off the floor and did some weird ass trick

with it. It ended up with the thing spinning and landing on Mike. They hardly even kissed. It was more like Max putting her lips as far away as possible but close enough to call a kiss.

Dustin closed his eyes and spun the bottle again. Dustin still had his eyes closed when the bottle stopped and pointed at Max. She tapped his shoulder and he opened one eye. His eyes followed the neck to see that it was pointed straight at Max.

Before Dustin had time to say anything, Max swooped in and kissed him. Like a proper kiss. It lasted a fair bit longer than all the other kisses. Well, every other kiss beside Max and El's.

Will was up next. He felt his heart beat ten times faster again. He crossed his fingers behind his back and spun the bottle. It slowed and pointed towards Dustin.

Will let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. He put a hand on Dustin's cheek and leaned in. Dustin didn't move, he just sat there. Will pulled back almost as soon as the kiss started in an attempt to not make him uncomfortable.

Dustin's face was bright red once again. He touched his fingers to his lips and faced the bottle. "Wow," he muttered. He smiled and leaned back. Out of the corner of Will's eye, he could see Mike smile.

Mike then grabbed the bottle and gave it a spin. Will didn't even realize the bottle was spinning until it was too late. He looked down at the bottle and saw it pointed at him. All the color drained from his face. He tried to say something but it seemed like his vocal cords had been cut.

"Will it's okay." Mike put his hand on Will's. He quickly pulled his hand out from underneath Mike's.

"I, I, I can't do it," Will said, shrinking into himself.

"Come on Will," Max said. "It means nothing. It's just a kiss."

Just a kiss. Just a kiss. How can it be just a kiss when Will's been dreaming of this since he was a freshman. He couldn't just kiss Mike and go on like nothing happened. He would know what it felt like to

kiss the boy he loved and would probably never do it again. It stung him just to think of that. Will was brought back to reality by the sound of Max and El arguing.

“He shouldn’t have to do it if he doesn’t want to,” El said.

“It’s the game! He needs to do it.” Max got closer to El.

“Why are you so insistent on this?” That was it. Will had had enough of this. He slapped his hands on the floor. He got up and stormed off into the bathroom. As he closed and locked the door he heard Mike say something.

Will closed the toilet set and sat down. He brushed his fingers through his hair. He felt hot tears prickling at his eyes. “Fuck it,” Will whispered, letting the tears flow freely.

Will jumped as he heard a knock at the door. “Will?” Mike asked. He quickly wiped the tears away from under his eyes.

“What do you want Mike?” Will sounded a little hoarse.

“Can you please let me in?” Mike was the last person Will wanted to see right now. “Please Will.”

“I can’t,” Will muttered. He felt tears flowing down his cheeks again.

“You don’t have to say anything. You don’t even have to look at me. If you want I can have Dustin or someone come in.”

Will slowly got off the toilet and unlocked the door. He stepped back as Mike opened the door and closed it. Will went back and sat on the toilet.

Mike sat on the bathtub ledge. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault. You spun a bottle and it landed on me. It was by complete chance,” Will said.

Mike was silent for a minute. “Why did you kiss Dustin but you wouldn’t kiss me?” Will couldn’t talk. He tried to keep his face dry but it proved not effective. He then settled for keeping his crying

silent. Will heard shuffling and then he felt Mike's hand on the crook of his neck. He scooted over and Mike sat down next to him.

Mike pulled Will into a hug. They were closer than they had ever been. Will could hear his best friend's heartbeat and feel his breath on his neck. He was suddenly hyper-aware of everything. He wrapped his arms around Mike and pulled him impossibly closer.

Mike slightly pulled back and leaned his forehead against the other boy's. Will's breath hitched and his heart rate went through the roof. If he maybe had more courage he would lean in but sadly, he did not.

Will didn't even realize it but Mike was leaning and when their lips touched he suddenly was in a whole new world. The world around them slowed to a halt. Will hardly had any time to respond before Mike had pulled back. In that small time slot, Will still had time to really count his freckles.

Mike practically jumped off the toilet. "I'm-I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that," he said frantically. He started walking to the door.

"No," Will whispered.

"What?" Mike whipped around. He could barely look Will in the eye.

"I said no." Will grabbed Mike's hand and pulled himself up off the toilet.

"What do you mean?" Mike asked, looking down at Will's hand clamped around his own. Will took a deep breath and dived in.

It was awkward at first. Will didn't really know how to position his head so their noses wouldn't bump but as Mike got more comfortable he let his hands wander up to Will's cheeks. He quickly tilted his head and they slotted into place.

Will wrapped his arms around Mike's neck and pulled him closer. They were buried in each other at this point. All Will could smell was the brown haired boy. He smelt faintly of old books and whatever Febreeze Mrs. Wheeler used. He was definitely going to steal some more of Mike's clothes now. Hell, bury him in Mike's clothes.

Mike pulled back. "God," he whispered so only Will could hear. "That was amazing."

"Better than I thought it would ever be." Will chuckled. Mike hugged him and held on for dear life. Like he was some fever dream and would disappear soon. Will couldn't help but hug back tighter.

They stood there like that for what felt like an eternity but was probably only 10 minutes. Will slowly let go of Mike.

Mike kissed Will again. This time it was slow and sweet and lasted about ten seconds. Will kissed his cheek and then they walked out of the bathroom hand in hand.